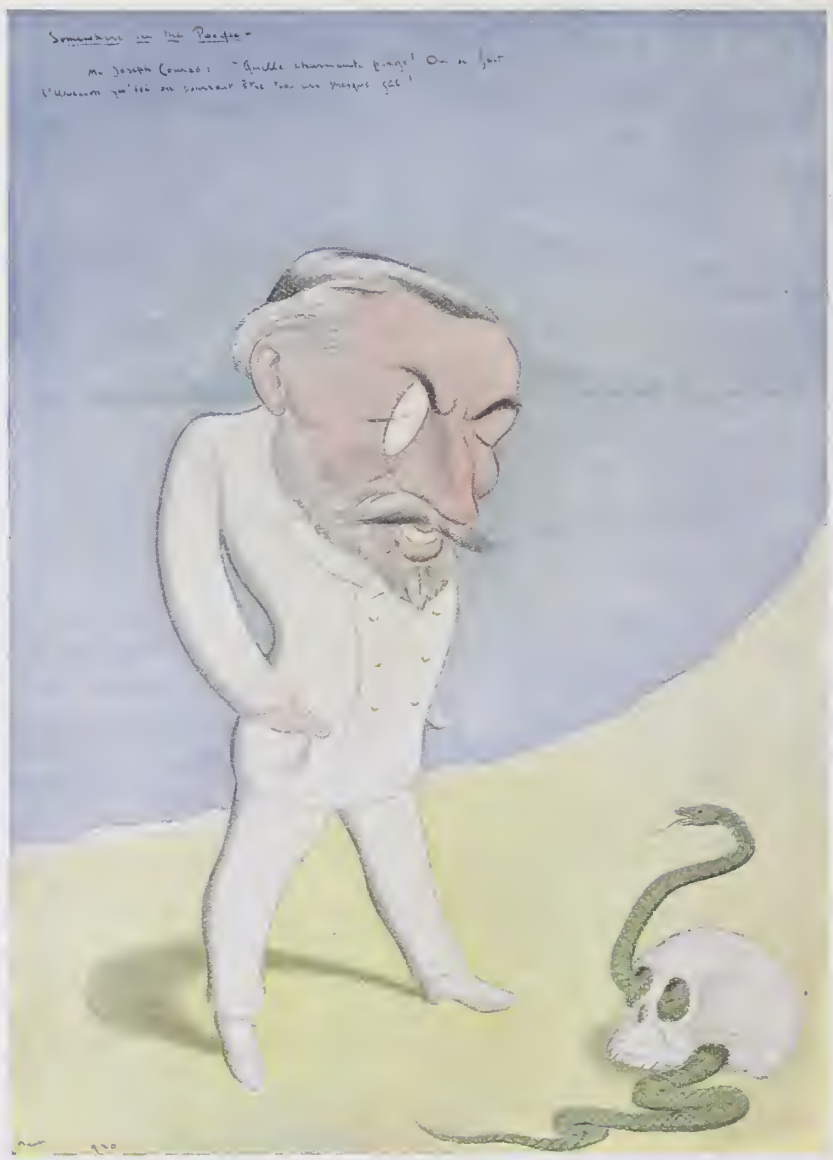
A SURVEY

First printed in 1921 by R. Clay & Sons, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk, England.


Souvenirs on the Pacific
Mr Joseph Conrad: "Quelle charmante plage! On a fait l'illusion qu'on est somewhere else than on Prospect Pier!"

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD: "What a delightful coast! One catches an illusion that one might forever be almost gay here."

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/survey00beer

A SURVEY

BY

MAX BEERBOHM

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK
1921

All but four of the drawings in this book have been chosen from among many that were shown this year at the Leicester Galleries. These four, which are in a collection made by Mr. Philip Guedalla, are here "shown" for the first time.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

BRITANNIA

Madam,

I venture to dedicate this volume to you because you have always been very kind to me, and because I cannot think why *you have always been so kind to me.*

You have never, since you came to woman's estate, smiled much on caricaturists, or on satirists, in general. During the eighteenth century you were indulgent enough to them ; but then you were still a headstrong girl : there was still a strain of brutality in your nature, to which caricature and satire were agreeable. That strain worked itself out of you long ago. You had become mild and buxom long before I had the honour to behold you. And the recent War has left you as mild as ever ; though less buxom.

That is the kind of remark which in my childhood on your shores I was taught, very rightly, not to make about any one. It is the kind of remark which, so soon as I was grown up, I began to make about every one. For, after all, what is a caricaturist but a man who says, " A, you're too fat ; B, you're too thin ; C, your nose is too large "—and so on ? Such a man, alas, am I. And what is a satirist but one who says, " D, you're a fool ; E, your character and motives won't bear looking into ; I see through you, *F "—and, very jarringly, so forth ? Such an one am I. I jar even on myself. I hold no high opinion of the satiric temperament. I despise Thersites and the whole lot of which I happen to be one. I have to go on being rude, because that is (a part of) my nature. But O Britannia, whenever I sail from my home in Italy, across your neatly-ruled waves, and step with a new sheaf of drawings on to those yellow sands where you sit enthroned, I do feel all the more guilty because your eyes*

are invariably so benign to me from beneath the brim of your lovely golden helmet.

You say that you have always frowned on some *of my drawings? True, Madam; and thank you for reminding me. Over some in every batch you have frowned, murmuring a fine and a favourite phrase of yours: "Not in the very best of taste." And I seem to find in all the drawings at which you have gently drawn the line a common denominator. In my youth, and indeed until quite recent years, the Court was a very dominant factor in your life. A satirist, instinctively, goes for what is very strong: the weaker things he derides with less gusto, or not at all. But you, Madam, have a great respect for strength, and it is the weaker things that are aptest to tickle your sense of humour. I myself have a respect for strength, but also I am inclined, in my fallen nature, to look for the weak points that all strength has, and to point them rudely out. I used to laugh at the Court and at the persons around it; and this distressed you rather. I never laughed with you at Labour. Labour didn't seem to me quite important enough yet. But Labour is very important now, very strong indeed; as you have found. And I gathered, this year, from a certain mild downward curve of your lips when I laid out for you on the yellow sands those of my new drawings which referred to Labour, that you thought me guilty of not the very best of taste in failing to bow my knee to your new Baal.*

Perhaps I ought to exclude these few drawings from a book dedicated to you. Do I compromise you by their inclusion? I hope not. I think *not. You have but to say to Labour, "O honoured and darling and terrifying Sir,* I *know you're perfect. Don't blame* me *for some drawings done by an utterly absurd man who lives ever so far away in a country shaped like a jack-boot." But if such words avail not, and you deem it expedient to reject the dedication, then reject it, dear Britannia: I shall not be thereby the less affectionately your old servant,*

MAX BEERBOHM.

Rapallo.
September, 1921.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece. Somewhere in the Pacific.

1. *Mr. Lloyd George.*
2. *Mr. Balfour, reading.*
3. *The Future as beheld by the Eighteenth Century.*
4. *The Future as beheld by the Nineteenth Century.*
5. *The Future as beheld by the Twentieth Century.*
6. *Mr. Lytton Strachey, writing.*
7. *A Translethean Soliloquy.*
8. *A Study in Temptation.*
9. *Woodrow Wilson's peace . . . . 1920.*
10. *Mr. Gordon Craig, proselytising.*
11. *Mr. Philip Guedalla, distraught.*
12. *John Bull and Another.*
13. *St. James's Street Yesterday and To-Day.*
14. *Doctrinaire Socialists in Conclave.*
15. *Mr. Maurice Hewlett.*
16. *A Prevision by M. Cambon.*
17. *Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme.*
18. *Blame the Cloth.*
19. *Mr. Asquith, reading.*
20. *Sir Philip Sassoon in Strange Company.*
21. *The Trick Election of 1918.*
22. *An Enigma in 1920.*
23. *Sir Claude Phillips "going on."*
24. *Mr. Pearsall Smith, Mr. Squire, and Mr. Shanks.*
25. *Judicial Criticism.*

26. *Count Wilhelm von Hohenzollern.*
27. *Politics.*
28. *Mr. Gosse reassuring Mr. Moore.*
29. *"A Chiel."*
30. *A False Prophecy (let us hope).*
31. *Paderewski and D'Annunzio.*
32. *Mr. Belloc at the Vatican.*
33. *The Cecils Cross Over.*
34. *"Si Vieillesse Pouvait!"*
35. *Independent Liberalism on the hand of Labour.*
36. *Lord Randolph, and Mr. Winston, Churchill.*
37. *The Mercilessness of Youth.*
38. *Mr. Stephen Gwynn.*
39. *The King of Spain.*
40. *Lodge and Lankester, mutually wondering.*
41. *Lord Spencer, still seeing.*
42. *Mr. Ralph Nevill, lecturing.*
43. *A Gentleman Usher.*
44. *Brandes and G. B. S.*
45. *Mr. Filson Young.*
46. *Mr. Jacobs and Sir Gilbert Parker.*
47. *The Old Pilgrim.*
48. *Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Robey.*
49. *Mr. Sidney Webb on his Birthday.*
50. *President Wilson addressing Congress.*
51. *Mr. Conrad Again.*

No longer a democrat at heart? . . . Come!

Mr. Lloyd George
1920
No longer a democrat at heart? . . Come!

"*Enfin Seuls!*"

In a world comparatively at peace now, Mr. Balfour tackles Benedetto Croce.

THE FUTURE, AS BEHELD BY THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE FUTURE, AS BEHELD BY THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE FUTURE, AS BEHELD BY THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Mr. Lytton Strachey, trying * to see her
with Lord Melbourne's eyes.

*——and contriving——

M. B. 1921.

A Translethean Soliloquy.

Damsel of the "Keepsake" Time: "I do wonder what the young gentlemen saw in *me*!"

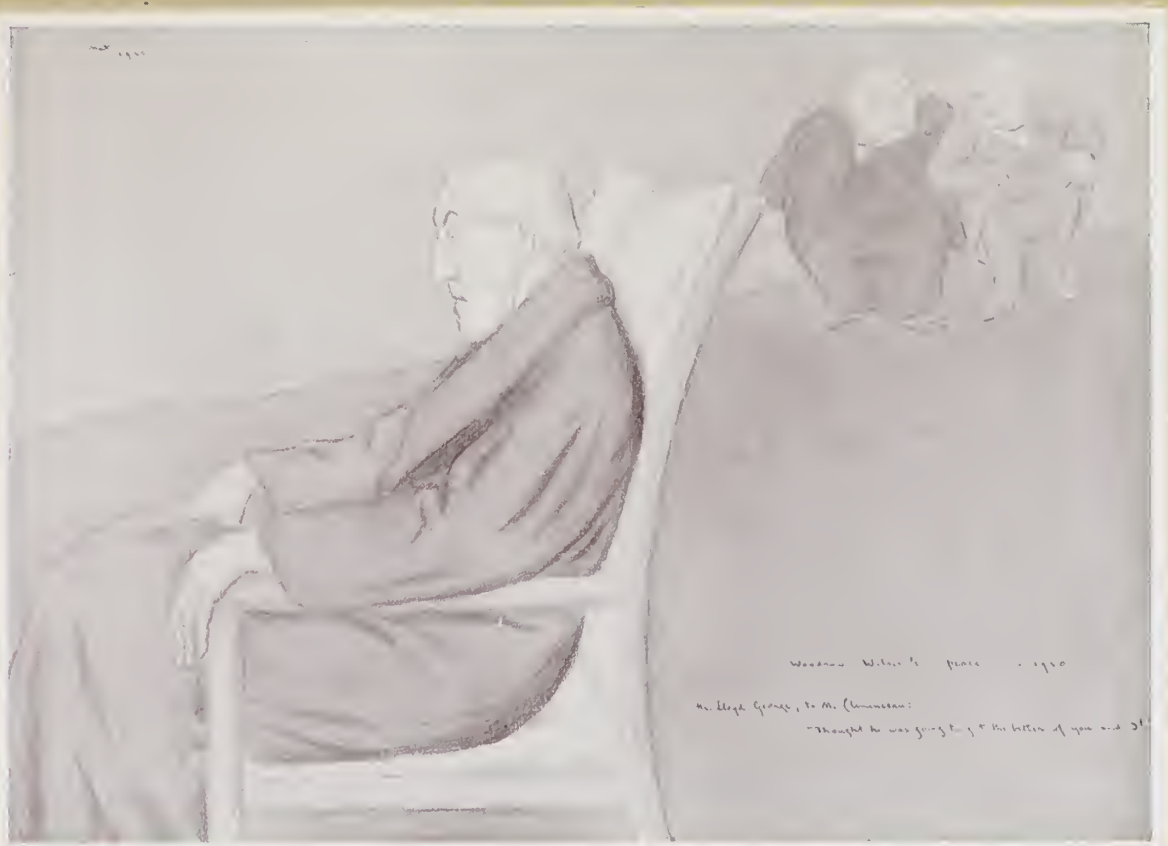
a Translation
Soliloquy

A Study in Temptation.

(Labour Delegates in Russia, 1920)

WOODROW WILSON'S PEACE . . . 1920.

MR LLOYD GEORGE (to M. CLEMENCEAU): "Thought he was going to get the better of you and I!"



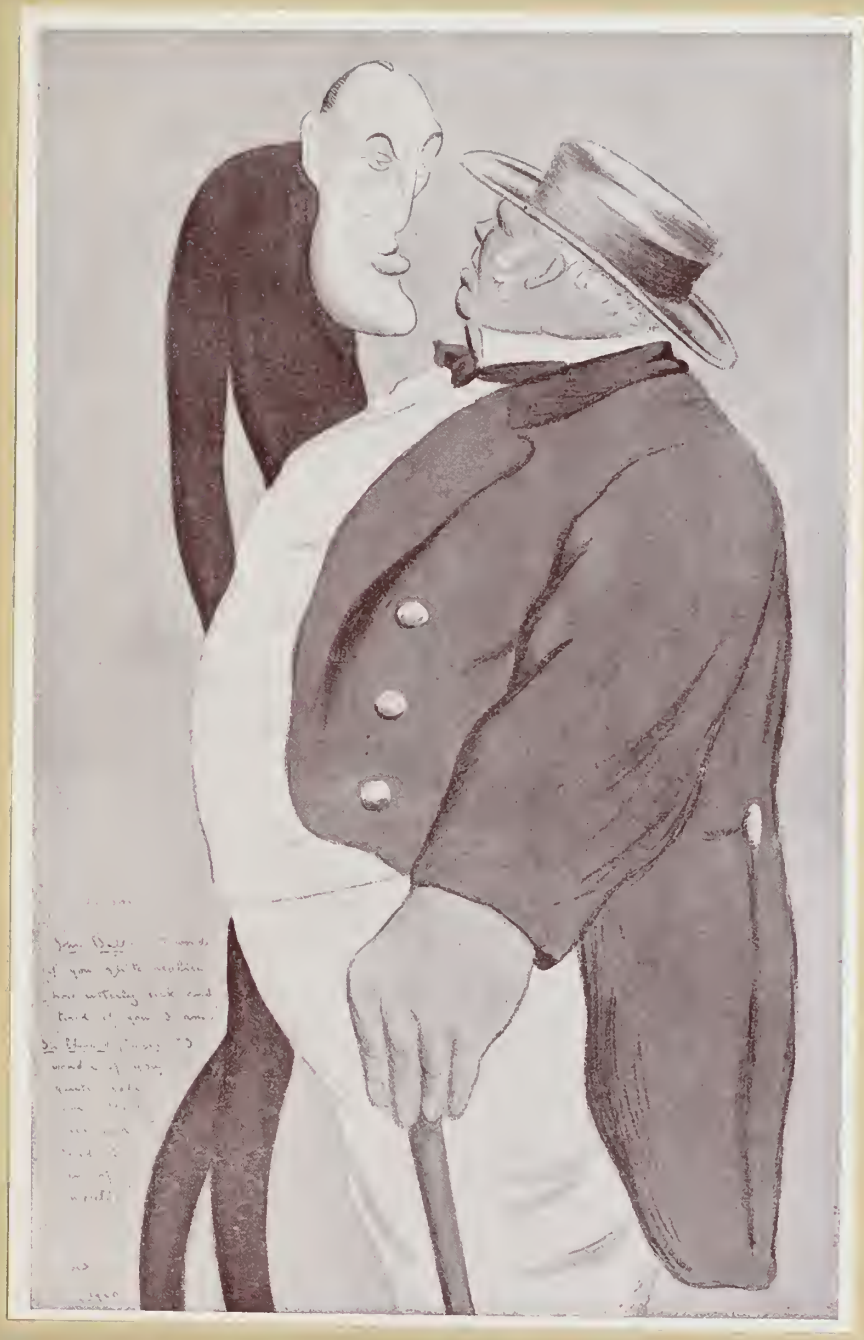
MR. GORDON CRAIG ASKING OF THEM "A SACRIFICE WORTHY OF THEIR CALLING AND THEIR IDEALS." [*See p. 47 of Preface to "The Theatre Advancing."*]

LITERATURE, MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA AND THE LAW (and all acknowledgments to Sir Joshua Reynolds).

Unison.

John Bull: "I wonder if you quite realise how utterly sick and tired of you I am."

Sir Edward Carson: "I wonder if you quite realise how utterly sick and tired I am of meself."



ST. JAMES'S STREET A FEW YEARS AGO.

The Marquess of Pantagruel believing (quite rightly) that the sight of him cheers and pleases the populace.

ST. JAMES'S STREET TO-DAY.

The Marquess of Pantagruel believing (rightly or wrongly) that the sight of him embitters the populace.

"*Tout peut se rétablir.*"

Urgent Conclave of Doctrinaire Socialists, to decide on some means of inducing the Lower Orders to regard them once more as Visionaries merely.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett being photographed.

Maurice Hewlett being photographed -

"When Labour Rules," or, What M. Cambon frightfully foresees, and Why M. Cambon is leaving us.

(*December, 1920.*)

Secretary for Foreign Affairs (holding his first weekly reception): "Glad to see you, Moossoo! You'll find I'm pretty well up in all the main points already. Capital o' France: Paris, pronounced Paree. Republican form o' government, founded 1792. Principal exports: wines, silks and woollen goods. Battle o' Waterloo, 1814. The Great War, 1914 to 1918. Take a chair."

WILLIAM, FIRST BARON LEVERHULME, SETTING OUT ON A LONG, PAINFUL, AND ENTIRELY UNPREMEDITATED JOURNEY ADOWN THE AGES.

Blame the Cloth.

A Captain of Industry declaring that the desire of the manual workers to be paid exorbitant wages for doing the least possible amount of work is a sure sign that they have lost their faith in a future life.

Blame the Cloth.
A Cabman is sometimes driven by fate to demand of the unmarried cook a fee for not having sent wages for down the least possible amount of cash in a sure hope that they may have lost their faith in a future life

A Belated Reader of Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs.

"H'm!—Appears to have a very facile pen!"

Sir Philip Sassoon in the House of Commons. (*1913.*)

THE TRICK ELECTION OF 1918.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and——"

COALITION LIBERAL: "lose his own seat?"

Radical Liberal "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and—"
Coalition Liberal "lose his own seat!"

An Enigma in 1920.

Clio: "But how comes it that at a time of grave stress in the story of a great old nation *you* are one of the leading men?"

Mr. Walter Long: "Well—er—really, you know—feller has a sense o' duty and all that—besides, not without plenty of official experience, quite apart from Quarter Sessions—same time—since you put it that way—come to think of it—'pon my word, should like notice of that question!"

Sir Claude Phillips "going on." (*1914.*)

THE AUTHOR OF "TRIVIA" SUBMITTING HIS LATEST MS. TO THE CONDUCTORS OF "THE LONDON MERCURY."

[MR. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, MR. J. C. SQUIRE, MR EDWARD SHANKS.]

THE REACTION TOWARDS A MORE JUDICIAL METHOD OF CRITICISM.

ELDER CRITIC: "And what is *that*—er—rather peculiar object?"
YOUNGER CRITIC: "My hat, sir."

The Reaction Towards a
Mo 1920

The Old Adam.

Count Wilhelm von Hohenzollern rehearsing, on the fond off-chance that he might yet be extradited, his Demeanour in the Dock.

The Old Adam.
Count von Hohenzollern
rehearsing, on the fond off-chance that
he might get to Extradited, his
Demeanour in the Dock.

Politics.

"M'dyah, doncher think Trotsky must be *rarther* a darling? Doncher think it would be *rarther* divine if we had some one *rarther* like him here? Isn't there something *rarther* touching about him? Of co'rse a Red Terror would be *rarther* awful while it larsted. But orl the same, I do think," etc.

A Lacuna.

Mr. Edmund Gosse (*to his interlocutor in "Avowals"*): "But, my dear Moore, of *course* you will—of *course* they shall. Only, you don't tell us when your seventieth birthday *is*!"

WHO'S

"A Chiel." (*1914–1918.*)

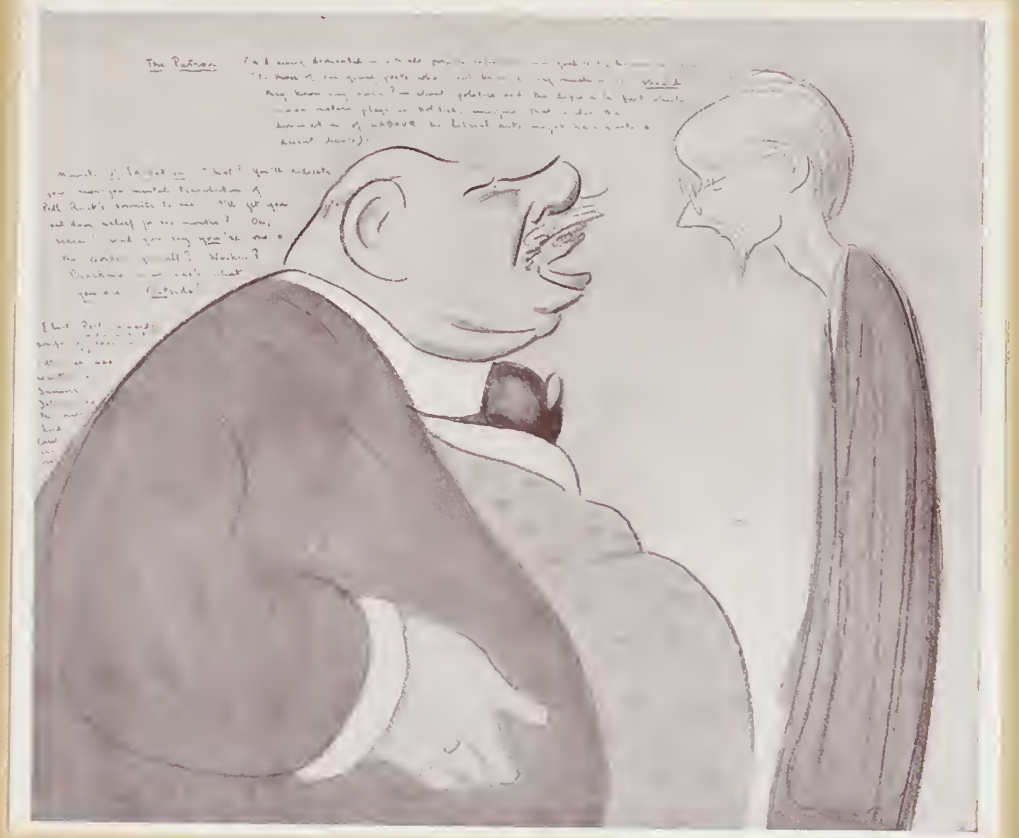
Eminent Lady: "I wonder what dear sweet Colonel Repington always carries that funny little note-book about with him for!

The Patron.

—*a drawing dedicated* (*with all possible sympathy and good-will, heaven knows!*) *to those of our young poets who, not knowing very much—why* should *they know very much?—about politics and the deplorable part which human nature plays in politics, imagine that under the domination of* Labour *the liberal arts might have quite a decent chance.*

Minister of Education: "Wot! You'll dedicate your mon-you-mental translation of Pett Rark's sonnits to me if I'll get you out-door relief for six months? Oh, really? And you say *you're* one o' the Workers yourself? Worker? Blackmailer—that's what *you* are! . . . *Out*side!"

[Exit Poet, inwardly composing (*mutatis mutandis*) some such letter as was written by Samuel Johnson to the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.]


The Patron

Post Taedia Longa Laborum.

M. Paderewski: "Ah, read me one of the poems of your youth!"
Signor D'Annunzio: "Ah, play me one of your adorable sonatas!"

Mr. Belloc's Visit to the Vatican.

The Pope: "They tell me, my son, that you are a prophet."

Mr. Belloc: "I am, Your Holiness. And also I have a talent for drawing very pretty diagrams. Here is one of them, shewing that in England the national conversion will take place some time between May and July, 1923.

The Cecils Cross Over.

Mr. Lloyd George:

"Let me have about me men that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights!"

"*Si Vieillesse Pouvait!*"

Scene: A Room in the War Office.
Time: The Present.

Eminent Scientist (*explaining chemical formula*): "One ounce of this powder, dropped from an aeroplane, would destroy all human and other animal life throughout an area of 500 square miles."

Eminent Soldier (*Sudan Campaign. Medal with clasps. Despatches twice*): "Would it though? Good gracious me, you don't say so! Marvellous! . . . Have the other Powers got anything of the sort, d'ye think?"

Eminent Scientist: "Nothing *quite* so good at present, I think. But of course——"

Eminent Soldier: "Well, it's perfectly marvellous. But—gad!—how it makes one wish one was a youngster and *sure* of being in the Next Great War!"

"So Yesterday Forward"

Scene: In Room in War Office. Time: The Present.

Supreme Staff Officer (explaining to eleven of his subs): "I've no use for this fanatic, Trotsky, from an aeroplane, world destroying etc. human and other animal life throughout an area of 8000 square miles."

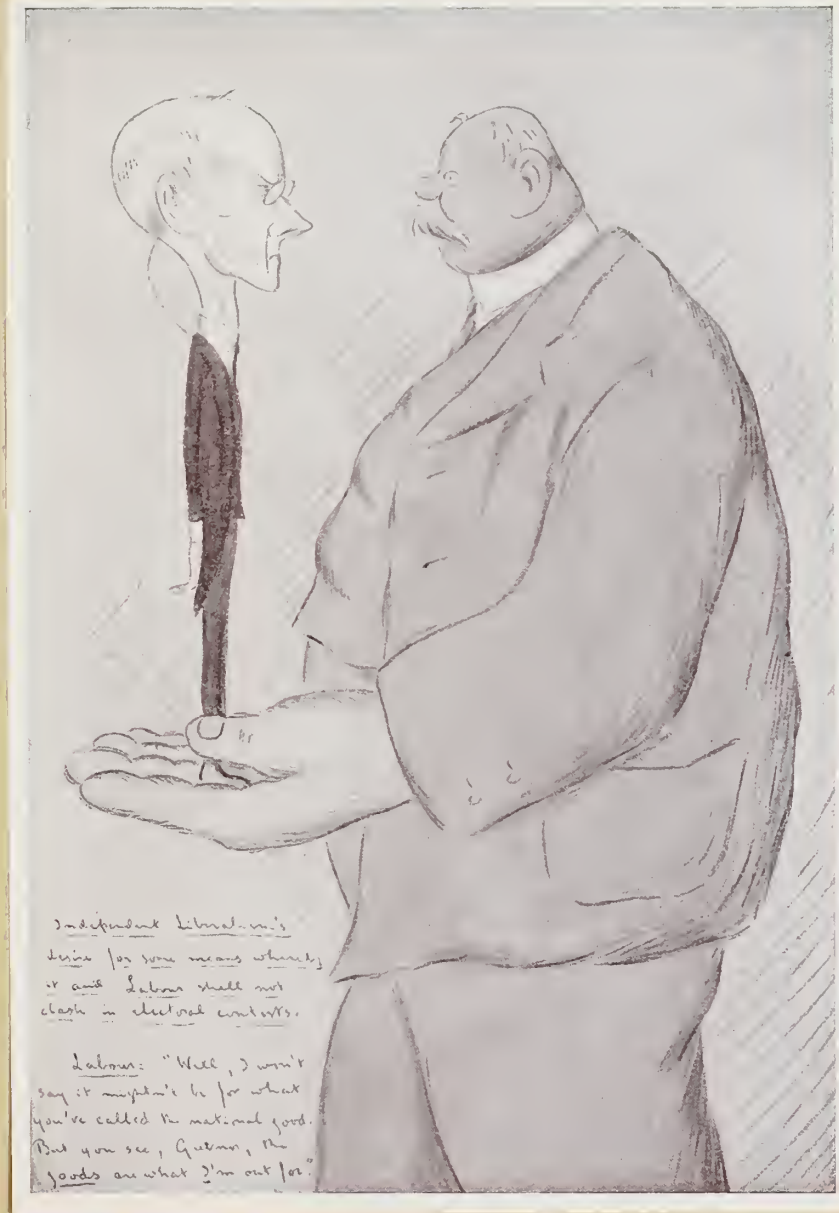
Eleventh Soldier (Sikhim Campaign, 1888, with clasps Dispatches Twice): "Would it though? Good gracious me, you don't say so! Marvellous! I know the other Powers 'ave anything of the sort up their sleeves?"

Supreme Specialist: "Nothing equal to it, I assure you. Quite. But of course—"

Supreme Soldier: "Well, it's positively marvellous. But—gad!—how one wishes one was a youngster, and going to bring in the Next Great War!"

INDEPENDENT LIBERALISM'S DESIRE FOR SOME MEANS WHEREBY IT AND LABOUR SHALL NOT CLASH IN ELECTORAL CONTESTS.

LABOUR: "Well, I won't say it mightn't be for what you've called the national good. But you see, Guvnor, the *goods* are what *I'm* out for."



Independent Liberal-ism's desire for pure means whereby it and Labour shall not clash in electoral contests.

Labour: "Well, I won't say it mightn't be for what you've called the material goods. But you see, Guthrie, the goods are what I'm out for."

A More Fortunate Churchill.

Shade of Lord Randolph: "Seems to be simply nothing they won't forgive *him!* And hang it all!—they *liked* me!"

THE MERCILESSNESS OF YOUTH.

POST-IMPRESSIONIST : "No man with any *real* talent could have behaved like that."

Mr. Stephen Gwynn. (*1914.*)

THE KING OF SPAIN. (*1914.*)

Psychic Matters.

Sir Oliver Lodge: "Strange, that a man who *looks* so very credulous——"

Sir E. Ray Lankester: "Odd that with such a brow——"

LORD SPENCER. (*1912.*)

Mr. Ralph Nevill pointing out to members of the Young Men's Christian Association the temptations to which they are no longer exposed.

A Gentleman Usher. (Mr. Lionel Cust.) (*1914.*)

a Gentleman Usher
- in Waiting Court -
max

LIFE-FORCE, WOMAN-SET-FREE, SUPERMAN, ETC. (*1914.*)

GEORG BRANDES ('Chand d'Idées): "What'll you take for the lot?"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "Immortality."

GEORG BRANDES: "Come, I've handled these goods before! Coat, Mr. Schopenhauer's; waistcoat, Mr. Ibsen's; Mr. Nietzsche's trousers——"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "Ah, but look at the patches!"

Mr. Filson Young. (*1913.*)

THE MEMBER FOR GRAVESEND. (*1914.*)

MR. W. W. JACOBS: "It's no sort of use talking to *them* about the Unity and Integrity of the Empire. All they want is that you should sit down on your hat and stand rum all round."

THE OLD PILGRIM COMES HOME.

A drawing of Henry James, done in 1913.

Manners. (*1913.*)

Mr. Bonar Law (*indicating Mr. Robey*): "Now *he* really *is* vulgar."

Mr. Asquith: "I conceive, Sir, that he could plead justificatory tradition."

Mr. Sidney Webb on his birthday.

PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS (*1913.*)

"A PARTY IN A PARLOUR, ALL SILENT AND ALL DAMNED"—
AND, AS USUAL, MR. JOSEPH CONRAD INTRUDING.